PRESIDENT SPENDS HIS CHRISTMAS IN HEART OF A.E.F. COUNTRY

Continued from Page 1

should arrive. Almost on the dot of 9 the President's train pulled in, and the General, with a quick salute and quicker step, mounted the steps to bid the President welcome to his headquarters town.

In Guard of Honor

In Guard of Honor

At the same moment the guard of honor in and around the platform, composed of Companies E, F, G, H, and I of the 102nd Infantry, 20th Division, sprang to present arms, and the band of the 101st Infantry burst into. The Star-Spangled Banner." The President, hat in hand, stepped down from the train and out through the red-carpeted way prepared to receive him. Out into the little circular drive in front of the Gare of Chaumont he proceeded, a guard of pollus snapping up their rifles and the band veering into "La Marseillaise." Along the route the wearers of the YD insignia stiffened into the stiffest of attentions. From housetops and telegraph poles and trees the children of Chaumont, to whom an American in civilian clothes is more or less of an anomaly, strained their young eyes with pecuing at the President strained their young lungs with shouting, "Vive Wilson! Vive l'Amerique!"

Up to Chaumont's historic old Hotel de Ville, the Presidential automobile procession wended its way, past the Rue de Verdun, named for that dearest of all French victories, through a lane of cheering Yanks off duty and of stolid and silent Yank guards very much on duty, and all of the department of the Haute-Marne that could drive in or walk into the chef lieu for the great day. At the foot of the walk leading into the gayly beflagged Hotel de Ville the President alighted, and, with General Pershing and General Werbel, the French regional commander, at his side, went in to receive the greetings of Chaumont's mayor and those of the prefect and sub-prefect of the department.

And Then the Sun

And Then the Sun

And Then the Sun

Then, as if prearranged and stagemanaged, the sun came out for the first
time that eventful morning. It lit up
the brasses of the Yankee band which
stood to one side of the Hotel de Ville,
all poised to blow. It flooded the facade
of the old structure with light: and as
the President, smiling and bowing, at
length made his exit and started down
the steps, it struck him full in the face,
lighting it up for all the world to see
and cheer, and be cheered by. And the
band burst, not into the National Anthem, but into "The Battle Hymn of
the Republic," playing it so stirringly
and so reverently that everyone present
thought of it as it should be thought of
—not as "All We Do Is Sign the Payroll," but as the veritable

Mine coes have seen the glory of the

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.

Thus it was that the President came to G.H.Q. Over a road lined until well out in the country with Yanks at present arms he and his party sped on toward Humes, where the review was to take place. On the way truck drivers tumbled off their carts to stand by and salute him, mess sergeants out scouring the countryside for the last fixings needed for the Christmas dinner stood up, in their shake side-cars to "bring the right hand smartly to the visor" of their visor-less overseas cups, hospital orderlies executed hurried fall-ins in front of their wards while their non-coms saluted "for the detail," and even one lone chaplain, out for a Christmas morning canter, got off his lorse to pay his respects. At one place a gang of Yanks, making for a huvette at the zero hour of 10:30, were caught almost in the act and had barely time to line up and salute and look godly as the President sped by. Theu—after the last car containing the last general lad passed, they went inside the cafe and drank to the President's health.

Country Life, A.E.F. Style

Country Life, A.E.F. Style

On that ride down to Humes the Pres-ident saw pratically every detail of the A.E.F.'s country life in France. He saw the rubber-booted Engineers trudging out

THIRD ARMY MAKES

RHINE CHRISTMAS

Continued from Page 1

Kaiser's palace on the Rheinstrasse and in many other places. The most famous was in the ancient Carmelita church, on the same street, where six masses in all

the same street, where six masses in all were held.

A German militury priest, fresh from the army, was in charge of the one in the evening, when the fine old building was filled with Americans. After he had said mass, 50 girls, all war orphans and all shabbily dressed, sang the mass. After the linal benediction, a Protestant army chaplain, Bishop Breut, sculor chaplain of the A.E.f. delivered an appropriate sermon. Then came the postinde, and as the fighting men in olive drab slowly began filing out of the ancient structure the Germans spontaneously began to sing:

Holy God, we praise Thy name.

Holy God, we praise Thy name. Generations bow before Thee.

Further Down the Rhine

The community spirit as applied to the churches was carried out again further down the Rhine, at Remagen, where the 165th Infantry has its headquarters. On Christmas Eve the whole regiment, to the wonderment of the townsfolk, marched to midnight mass in the old, old church there. The men marched behind a band which played "Adeste Fideles," sung there perhaps when Roman legions held the town, and a choir of 30 voices.

led by Father Duffy, sang it as they marched. At the entrance to the church they halted until the song was finished, and then murched in to the tune of "The Wearin' of the Green."

wearm of the Green."

And at the conclusion of the service, Father Duffy, after a short talk, said:
"And now, tomorrow, this regiment will attend services in a body in a Protestant church—by my orders."

Ceremony at Ehrenbreitstein

COMMUNITY EVENT

President Wilson descending the grand staircase of an A.E.F. billet in the Chaumont region on Christmas Day

Happy New Year

To Every One of

Our Boys in Europe We are proud of you. hearty welcome back to busi-

ness the minute you are ready.

Jordan Marsh Company

to work—for an Engineer's work is never over, and he never gets a holiday even on Christmas—and returned their cheery salute with a grin. He saw onion-bilided K.P's in the roadside mess-shacks; with burlap bags for aprons, rise and give him the grand slam. He saw guards being posted and relieved: In short, he saw everything, practically, that every one of us has been through at one time or another, more often than not.

Above him, darting down at his car every now and then, flying perilously low, a squadron of chasse airplanes furnished a moveable guard—an exceedingly moveable guard, the aviators going through all the tricks of their calling and then some. Two of them, pilot and observer, not being content to wave greetings from the air, made a quick landing in a field about 200 yards ahead of the advance car of the presideful cortege, so that when the President came by there they were, drawn up alongside in helmets and heavy coats, standing at attention and salute. They had come down to carth to do him honor.

The Order of Review

The Order of Review

The occupants of the other muchines contented themselves with strewing the countryside and the air above it with Verey lights which went hissing down on either side of the road and gave the day a bit of the aspect of a Southern Christmas, with frevorks and all. Then, as the party neared the reviewing ground, they mounted, grouped themselves in battle formation, and flew solemnly over the heads of the assembled doughboys, while a concealed battery of the 77th divisional artillery began to make the old hill of Langres down below echo and re-echo to the salute of 21 guns.

General Pershing's introduction and the President's speech concluded, the review proper began, headed by Major General Alexander of the 77th Division and his divisional staff. In the President's binds was a copy of this order of review, setting forth the history of each of the divisions that passed before his gyes. Sixth. Division-Battalion, Arrived in France between May 18 and July 21, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Section in the Vesges, August 31-October

hone forth like a beacon light up and

shone forth like a beacon light up and down the valley.

As one went out farther into the bridgehead, facilities for the celebration of the day on a grandlose style became fewer. And there were everywhere the stern exigencies of a wartime footing to be considered. There must be guards on outpost duty and elsewhere. There were necessary futigue details, and there were kitchen police. But, wherever possible, the bars were let down and every effort made to observe the day.

No Green Christmas Here

No Green Christmas Here

11. Industry 12. Industry 12. Industry 13. Industry 14. I

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HEADQUARTERS

desires to secure the addresses of all officers and men now in the Army who were former "Y" scentarias whether they served at home or over sons. It is respectfully requested that all such officers and men communicate at ence with

E. C. CARTER.

No Green Christmas Here

To help the good work along, snow enne, lightly in Coblence, and changing soon to sleet, but more heavily across the river, and, though there was a cold wind in addition, it was felt that might be forgiven in view of the benoficence of the gods in seeing to it that the Americans' Christmas on the Rhine should not be a treen one. Perhaps this was not exactly to the convenience of the boys on outpost duty, but why stir up a fuss over it when every one else was glad?

The various organizations attached to the Army did all in their power to entertain the boys and help make their Christmas a merry one. And in Coblence itself the M.P.'s got busy and produced a skit, "The Light Barrage," to which every soldier in town was invited, whether he was AWOL or not.

And in the morning a band of the 3rd Division marched through the town playing "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and "Refigioso." "Onward, Christian Soldiers," seemed to be a new one on the populace. They knew it was a hymnof course, but what the name of it was they couldn't fathom, and they marched, hundreds of them, along the sidewalks, in step with the music, and asked each other what it was.

And so the day went. No division was without some kind of program, some

And so the day went. No division was without some kind of program, some added sweet, some observance of the holiday. Many of the boys received their 9x4x2's on that day.

LOSSES OF FRANCE **EXCEED 2,000,000**

Continued from Page I

Ceremony at Ehrenbreitstein

The tree at Ehrenbreitstein was dedicated and lighted to the accompaniment of the fine old hymn, "Come, All Ye Faithful," and in the presence of some special little honor guests, the children of the carretakers of the festress. There were four or five little German girls, and, although there are strict orders against fraternizing with the inhabitants of the Third Army area, it is deeply suspected that some of the toy automobiles and trumpets that were hanging on the tree found their way ultimately into the hands of the little girls.

There were trees in front of all corps headquarters, and a cross on top of each, as well as at division headquarters. And down along the river at Cochsem, where men of the 51st Floneers are installed, a huge cross was erected on the turret of an ancient ruined castle, where it possible exception of Russia, whose re-liable figures are not obtainable) had as many soldiers killed as Germany. The admitted German losses are these:

The American losses up to November 18, as listed in the report submitted by General Pershing to the Secretary of War, and already published, are these:

Killed and died of wounds. 36,154
Died of disease. 14,811
Deaths unclassified. 2,204
Wounded 170,625
Prisoners 2,103
Missing 11,600

General Pershing's own old outfitpranced by and dipped their guidons in
frantic salute, the black horses whinnying with pride. And at the end came
a-rumbling and a-grumbling. 14 lifesized Yank-manned tanks of the British
model, the while the band facetiously
played "Oh what fun it is to ride-in a
one-horse open sleigh."

The great march-past concluded, the
President motored to the headquarters
of the 26th Division, at Montigny-leRoi, where, in a large hospital building
hastily taken over from the French for
the day, he ate his Christmas dinner,
faring no better and getting no more
extra helpings than the lowliest doughboy down at the other end of the long
board tables. Yes, there were doughboys and Signal Corps men and everybody in on that dinner; it was a real
family affair. One buck private who
has been a buck private ever since General Jackson put New Orleans on the
map, sat right opposite his former platom commander, with his old C.O. within halling distance down the line, ragsing him jovially and being ragged in
return. And the C.O.'s drag with the
mess sergeant was no better than the

11. Meuse-Agonne offensive, November 2-9,
Twenty-sixth Division—Represented in review by Co. B. 101st Infantry, Co. K., 102nd Infantry, Co. F., 103rd Infantry, Co. I., 104th Infantry, Wire Co., 101st Pield Signal Battalion, Co. F. 101st Engineers, and Cos. A. B. C. and D. 102nd M.G. Battalion. Arrived in France between Sentenber 21 and October 24, 1917. Participated in the following operations: Chemical Cos. A. B. C. and Cos. A. B. C. and Infantry. Chemical Infantry, Co. Infantry, Co. 101st Pield St. Mibiol offensive, July 10-25. St. Mibiol offensive, September 12-12. Troyon sector, September 14-1-0ctober 8. Meuse-Argonne offensive, October 18. November 11.
Twenty-ninth Division—Represented in review by Co. A., 113th Infantry, Co. K., 114th Infantry, Co. K., 115th Infantry, Co. M., 115th Infantry, Co. Chiefensive, October 19-October 24. Seventy-seventh Division—Represented in review by a composite battallon. Arrived in France about April 10, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Getter Sector, Hopersented in France about April 10, 1918. Participated in the following operations: University of the Participated in France about April 10, 1918. Participated in the following operations: Baccarat sector, June 19-August 3. Veslo sector, August 11-September 16. Argonne offensive, September 26-October 16. Meuse-Argonne offensive, November 1-11.

Besides the marching doughboys and machine gunners and Signal Corps men two troops, M and K, of the 6th Cavalry

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Here quitel ne lately?



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buck's; in fact, the turkey went around the buck's side first. So did the ple—you know it takes the Yankee cooks of the 20th to make pumpkin ple.

Later, just before the President left, cigars and cigarettes, "on" the officers of the 20th, who gave the dimer, were passed around; and more than one orderly's and chantlen's pockets were filled. The dimer was so informal that there weren't even finger bowls, much less speeches; and through it all the band of the 1024 Field Artillery boomed and boomed away again in right good style. Take it from everybody who was there, from President and Mrs. Wilson and the General and the two lleutenant-generals right down the line to the aforementioned bucks, it was quite a party, a real American Christmas.

Among the Billets

Among the Billets

Among the Billets

Right after dinner the President got away to a flying start on his inspection of billets and hospitals and all that lay between Montigny and Chaumont the other way round—that is, approaching Chaumont from the south-east. He clambered we hadders into burn lofts, peered into the innermost recesses of cow-sheds, had his hat brushed by the feathered friends and room-mates of the A.E.F. as they flew up, startled by his visit, chatted with Madame here and M'sieur there who had Yanks billeted in their houses, smiled to see several Franco-American mascots all done up in O.D. and wearing about nine service stripes, and generally saw how at least half of the A.E.F. now lives and how practically all the other half has lived at one time or another. At the town of Blestes, where the school for French interpreters is situated, he was much amused to have the students come out and stop his car in good old canuon-rush fashion, and give him a rousing "Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Weelson."

Later in the afternoon, the President, on re-entering Chaumont, drove about the Headquarters caserne, and visited General Pershing's château. At dusk, with the snow, which had held off since morning, beginning to fall again, he boarded his train, en route for Calabs and thence to England, having seen the A.E.F. as it is, having spent Christmas with his own.

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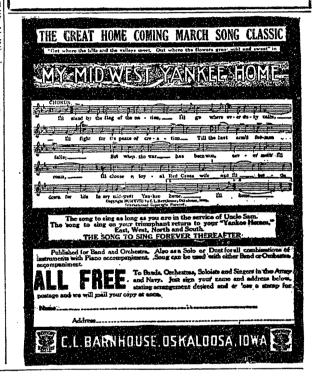
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